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The Medical Missionary

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Volume XXV Number 1

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

Missions

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Southern United States.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.
House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

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YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I *hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of* $..... *for its general purposes.*"

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

VERY REV. A. P. McANDREW, S.M.A.

The story of the Infant Church in tropical Africa is one of the most glorious in Church annals. The progress of the Church which makes the world wonder has been bought at a great price, for thousands of heroic Missionaries willingly spent and gave their lives in this difficult portion of the Lord's vineyard.

The West Coast of Africa in the wake of the Slave Trade was a sorry place indeed. Its tribes were decimated, brutalized, and degraded as a result of the White Man's long sustained traffic in human flesh and the Christianizing influence of the early Portuguese and other Catholic missionaries was set at naught.

The statistics of the different missionary Societies showing the loss of life in Africa are almost incredible. The treacherous African climate with its tropical epidemics has taken toll of human life, constantly and unsparingly.

Divine Providence, however, was soon to send forth another great missionary hero who, in the words of Pope Pius XII, "died heroically in the breach." Two years after the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined and proposed to the whole world and two years before Our Lady appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes, the Society of African Missions was founded at Lyons, France, in 1856, by a devout servant of God, Bishop Melchior de Marion Bresillac. He had spent twelve years as a missionary and was forced to resign his Vicariate of Coimbator (India) on account of opposition to his cherished plans of establishing a native clergy.

In 1859 the Bishop Founder set sail with his first group of Missionaries to Sierra Leone, the proverbial "White Man's Grave," West Africa. In April he landed with his few missionary companions in Freetown, Sierra Leone, at a time when Yellow Fever was raging. *Within six weeks the Bishop and all his fellow priests were dead!* One lay brother alone escaped to bring

Ashanti gold weights
Gold Coast

back the news of the holocaust. The Bishop and one of his priests, last to survive, had absolved each other from their dying beds. The Governor of Sierra Leone performed the burial.

When Pope Pius the Ninth received the tragic news of the fate of the missionaries, he was moved to prophecy; "A work thus begun shall never perish." The Society of African Missions was destined to rise, Phoenix-like, from its very ashes, challenging the best and noblest in Catholic Europe, Ireland, and America to conquer the White Man's Grave for Christ the King. Encouraged by the attitude of his few student candidates at Lyons, and with the approval of the Holy Father Pius the Ninth, Father Planque, the sole surviving priest of the Society who had been left at home in charge of the Seminary, carried on as Superior General, and developed and extended the Society.

Today, under improved conditions, the Missionaries labor among twenty-two million souls, and already have won over five hundred thousand converts to the Church. At this moment the African Catholics and their Bishops, sons of Msgr. de Bresillac, are adding the final touches to their making preparations for a great Eucharistic Congress.

The saintly Pontiff and Pope of the Eucharist, Pius X, declared that our missionaries "were truly martyrs." "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," says Tertullian, and the Eucharistic Congress is the reward and triumph of the myriads of missionary martyrs who have made the pages of church history in the "Whiteman's Grave." The Eucharist is the bread of life, and Holy Communion contributes to the spread of the Church—it is the food of Africa's youthful Church. The Eucharistic Congress will be a trysting place of gratitude where myriads of missionary martyrs will answer the roll-call of the guardian angels of Christ's Church.

The saying of Saint Ignatius of Antioch expresses the spirit that animated the soul of Bishop Marion Melchior de Bresillac and the legacy which he bequeathed to his missionaries: "My love is crucified—I am God's wheat. Let there come upon me fire, cross, struggle—if only I attain to Jesus Christ."

The first Congress will be the agape of greater love and more sustained zeal to complete the Eucharistic triumph in the one-time dark continent.

1ST NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

KUMASI 19-26 FEBRUARY

The first National Eucharistic Congress for the Gold Coast in Africa is to take place in Kumasi this February. A Pontifical Mass has been planned for every day of the Congress and invitations have been sent to several countries. Thursday, the day for Priests and Religious, the Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by the African Bishop of Uganda, the Most Rev. Joseph Kiwanuka, W.F., with all African attendants. On Wednesday, "Women's Day," the Mass will be celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate for this part of Africa, Archbishop Matthews.

The Medical Mission Sisters have been asked to read a paper at one of the sectional meetings. The choice of the subjects is free but must be related to the Eucharist. Our subject will be "The Eucharist and the Sick." The paper will be read in English and translated into the vernaculars.

LIGHT BEARERS FOR AFRICA

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

Several years ago I visited Egypt and South Africa, but last year for the first time, I had my first glimpse of primitive Africa on the Gold Coast. The sum total of my impression was that it is primitive indeed, but sprinkled and bespeckled with modern civilization.

Evidence of the latter I was able to see immediately on my arrival at the airport in Accra. There was a strike on; no conveyance available; no trains running. The reason, S. G. —Self Government. Only through the influence of a missionary priest, a taxi driver obtained permission to take me to Kumasi—100 miles.

On we went on a fairly good though dusty road, through dense forests and past villages with only a few men and children around. The women, we were told were out, working in the fields. The houses were nothing but four mud walls with no sign of art or culture, quite different from any hut in India. Here and there short-legged goats were running around and sheep were standing against walls. Outside many huts were shelves to dry cocoa beans, the main export product of the area.

Half way we stopped. The driver took out a loaf of bread from which he and his companion tore off chunks to dip it into a saucepan which contained cooked fish. They used "Adam's fork" dexterously, and made a very simple short ceremony of the meal. I had no Gold Coast money, and there was no money exchange available. I could not even buy an orange, although I saw some for sale.

While the driver was eating, I took in an interesting scene. A little drama was going on outside a shop. A

boy who had fever was being given a castor oil pill. A fond friend had made a little hole in the top of an orange to fit in the pill, so that he could swallow it and immediately after suck the orange juice. But even this hyper-refined way of taking castor oil was too much for the little rascal, who proceeded to spit out the pill. To think that "Primitive Africa" takes Castor oil *pills* while American children still have to enjoy it in the liquid form!

Further on the driver made another halt, this time in his own village. He asked me to go to his home. I was amazed to step into a parlor. It was stuffed with furniture, sofa, chairs, table, radio, photos, and pictures. I was introduced to the brother of the driver, a huge Ashanti, who was a motor mechanic. He was on strike too, and in sympathy with it and expounded his revolutionary views quite freely. After a little while an old lady peered in from the back. She was the mother. The thing mentioned in her introduction was the Christian Denomination to which she belonged. Apparently that was the important thing in the case of women. It was a strange sounding one; I had never heard of it.

On we went to Kumasi, capital of the Ashanti District, which is about twice the size of Holland with about a million inhabitants. Kumasi's double-spired Cathedral is the biggest Catholic Church in West Africa and dominates the city. That is where the Gold Coast Eucharistic Congress is to be held in February of this year. His Excellency, Bishop H. Paulissen of the African Mission Society, built it. It took him ten years. *He told me he had only* 29 *priests, five teaching sisters, and five Medical Mission Sisters as a mission personnel to minister to* 40,000 *Catholics and* 23,000 *catechumens, in a district of* 800,000 *people.* One may well say, "What is that for so many?" Of course, there are a good number of catechists who are indeed a most wonderful and indispensable help in such missions.

I was in Kumasi, over Sunday. The Cathedral was full to overflowing. It holds 2,000. What a fellow feeling: black and white at Mass together, and to receive Holy Communion side by side!

January is the beginning of the school term. The primitive Africans are definitely eager for education. The schools are far too few and too small. Both at the Catholic boys' school and girls' school I saw the disappointed faces of those who had to be turned away for lack of space and teachers.

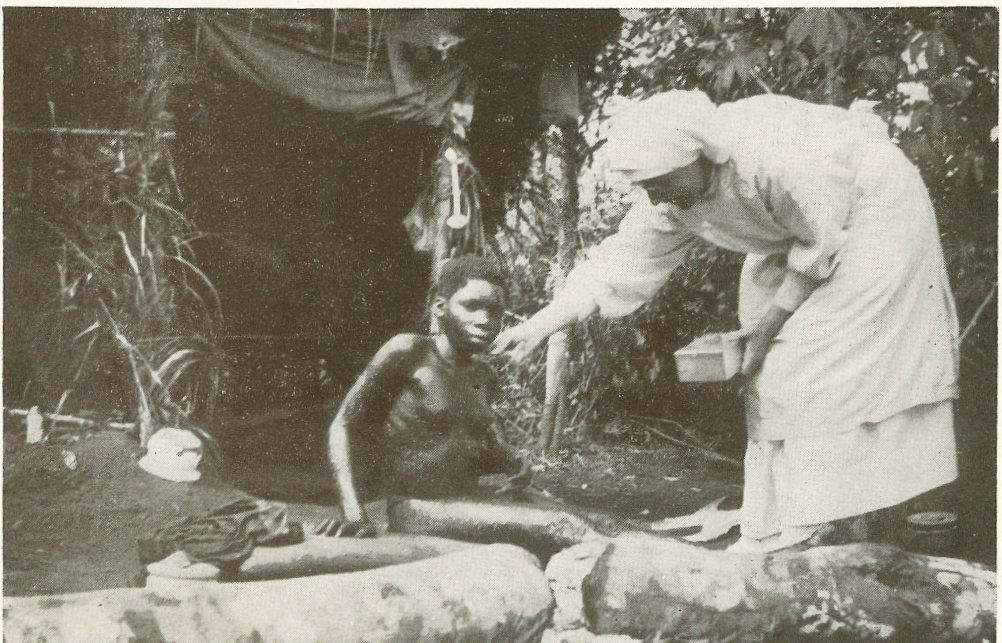
One may be sure that

The local chiefs, the elders and their wives welcome the Medical Mission Sisters to Berekum.

the missionaries were as much if not more disappointed because it meant that the students would turn to non-Catholic schools and according to custom become members of the Denomination conducting the school. The five teaching Sisters of St. Louis already had 600 girls in their school and not another inch of space for any more. In the 275 village schools under Catholic auspices the teachers are Africans, according to the British principle of Africanization and are paid by the government. Religion is taught by the catechists.

I naturally inquired about the medical facilities in Kumasi Diocese. In the city they are remarkably good compared to the bush where they are practically nil. The Kumasi City

Sr. M. Camillus, R.N., at work in the emergency isolation camp which was set up on the outskirts of an Ashanti village when smallpox became epidemic.



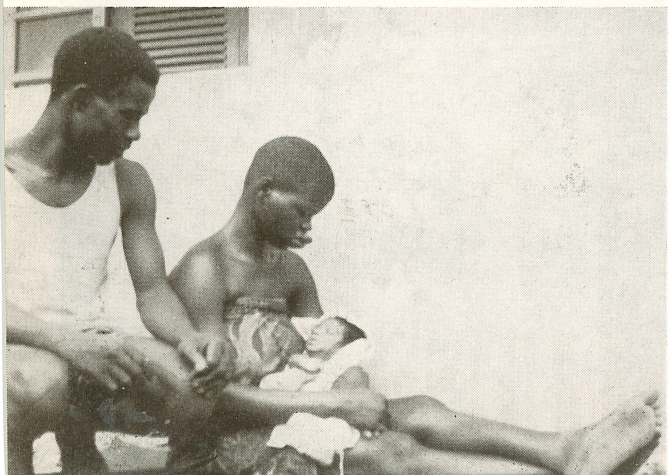
Hospital is big, well organized and well staffed. The leprosarium however harboring 60 victims is pitifully primitive, providing nothing but custodial care. There are plans however, for improvement.

The Bishop kindly took me to our mission in Berekum, another hundred miles. On the way, we inspected a teacher's training school being built by the government for the Catholic mission. The virgin forest had to be cleared all by hand,—a terrible job! For lack of transportation facilities, valuable cedar trees had to be burned, as no lumber company found it profitable to buy them. And yet it is almost impossible to buy furniture in the bush!

Primitive Africa—eager for education.

Berekum, our Holy Family Dispensary at last. There was a simple reception given by the local chiefs and elders and their wives. The Africans believe in formality and ceremony. An address was read in Ashanti and English in which His Excellency, and the Sisters were thanked for their help to the people and a formal request was made for a doctor. Then began the rounds of handshakes, all the elders shaking hands with the Bishop and us, and afterwards we started the procession and returned the compliment.

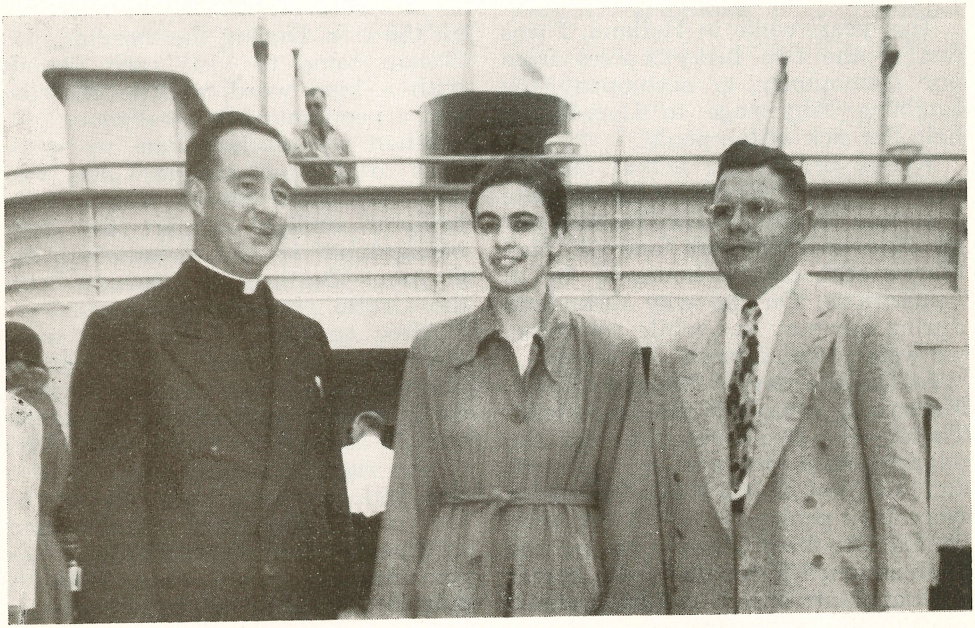
The dispensary is simple but well equipped. During my stay, comparatively few patients came on account of the strike which stopped all transportation. Those who came were mostly emergency cases—carried in: for instance, a man whose arm was ripped by a hook used for the harvesting of cocoanuts, and a number of confinement cases. Africa is known for its maternal, and especially for its great infant mortality, which in some areas is as high as 60% and even more. In Berekum, I heard that, since the Sisters came, there is a saying that "Berekum babies do not die any more." Primitive African women make very little of childbirth. The same day or soon after, they go about their business as usual. A reason for the great mortality of mothers and babies is that in abnormal cases they have for the most part no medical aid, doctors, nurses and trained midwives being extremely scarce in rural areas. Abnormal cases are not rare and probably often due to pelvic deformities from the carrying of heavy loads at too early an age. A dispensary and a hospital in this area certainly are a boon to the population and a real gift of Christianity to the primitive Africans.



Going around one sees how simply the people live,

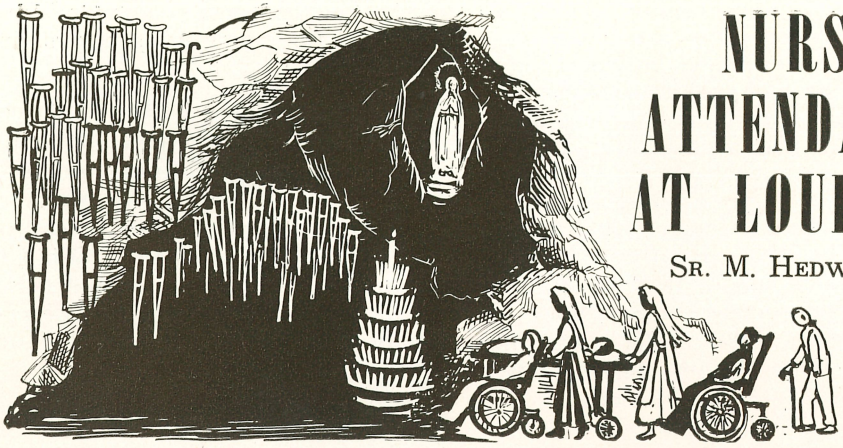
how cheerful, how friendly, and in a way, how poor, they are. One also sees how betwixt and between they are—in a state of evolution, of transition, which is an inevitable and necessary stage and yet no doubt, a very unsatisfactory, a very trying one for the people. There is much unrest, much ambition, much frustration. One can see that primitive Africa—I also stopped briefly in Senegal and the Belgian Congo—is seething, is fermenting, is struggling, is leaving tried old ways for the untried new ones. In our century, change and upheaval in the name of progress, is Africa's lot.

LIGHT is needed in Dark Africa —the Light of Faith—that influences every phase of human and social life in the beneficial manner intended by God. Africa cries to heaven for "Light Bearers." What I saw and heard convinced me of this, and I came away with the determination to pray and work for *more missionaries in Africa.*



The two lay missionary doctors on Holy Family Dispensary staff, Berekum, Dr. Madeline Adcock and Dr. Leon Adcock, of St. Paul, Minn., as they sailed for Africa via Rome, with the Rev. Neil S. Cashman, Director, Propagation of the Faith, St. Paul, Minn.

The doctors are now hard at work with the Medical Mission Sisters in Berekum. Here are a few lines from first impressions: "Berekum has really surpassed all that we expected. We arrived to find a real medical establishment and to see the Sisters working to keep up its good standards. We think they do a swell job . . . The native people are so friendly it is nice to work for them. They are simple, but have a good sense of humor and lead such a carefree existence. They are grateful for all that we do."



NURSE ATTENDANTS AT LOURDES

SR. M. HEDWIG, R.N.

This year, while in Holland, I was one of the two lucky nurses from our Community to accompany the Limburg Pilgrimage to Lourdes to help the sick at the pools.

Weeks before the actual date of departure, we were advised to make a novena in preparation for the pilgrimage—a Memorare and 18 Hail Mary's each day, in honor of the 18 Apparitions. On the way down and during our stay and while returning, we were to continue it.

At last the day of departure came. Maastricht was the starting point. There were two trains, one for the pilgrims and ambulatory patients, and one for the sick. In all, there were 1400 people, of whom 300 were confined to bed. The two of us had been assigned to the first train, rather a disappointment to me as I would have liked to be with the seriously ill patients. They lay in bunks, three above each other in the carriage.

This 24-hour ride is the greatest hardship for the patients, as they suffer from lack of comfort, adequate nursing care and rest. But the hope of being cured outbalances any inconvenience; and knowing that even if they are not cured in body, they will be comforted in soul, brings great peace.

In the morning, His Excellency, the Bishop, brought Holy Communion to all the sick. During the morning, the Bishop came to visit each patient with a kind word, a little Blessing and a peppermint for everyone.

When we reached Pau, we were next to the picturesque Gave, and soon we could clearly see, in the brilliant sunlight against the dark background of the mountains, the gorgeous Basilica of Lourdes, with the Grotto of the Apparitions.

After an early supper, we went directly to the Grotto. The rock of Massabielle has two niches. The lowest is 20 feet high and 24 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Above this niche to the right is a second one twelve feet high and irregularly shaped. In this rough niche, Our Lady appeared 18 times to Bernadette. The rock has remained the same since 1858. A marble statue of Our Lady made by Fabish according to Bernadette's description was placed here in 1862. When Bernadette saw it, she began to cry and said, "It is a nice statue, but Oh, it is not *She.*"

To the left of the Grotto are situated the 12 water-taps, through which the miraculous water flows from a 50,000 liter reservoir. The pilgrims come here to drink and fill their bottles and vessels. Next to these is the building with the pools. One department is for the women, one for the children and one

for men. It was at these pools that we worked for the five days we spent in Lourdes, and it was a real privilege for us. We had to be there from 8:00 A.M. 'til 11:00 A.M. and from 1:30 P.M. 'til 4:00 P.M., after which the procession started.

Each department has six baths—large, dark blue stone tubs built into the ground. They contain about 400 liters of water, which is changed once after the morning baths and again after the afternoon baths.

On the second floor is a large dressing room for those who come to help. Here we had to pin up our skirts, put on rubber shoes and a rubber apron. Strict silence was kept at all times. Ten minutes before opening, we assembled and all together said a rosary for the sick, for sinners, for conversions, for peace and for good, holy priests. These were the main intentions everywhere we went. If one is late for these prayers, one is not allowed to help.

Next, we were assigned to our dressing and bathroom. Each squad consists of two of those ladies of the French nobility who come here for the whole season (Easter-November) each year. Some are over 50 or 60 years old, and the lifting in and out of the water is heavy work. One of these two leads the prayers; the other directs the work.

In each unit of dressing rooms, there are eight attendants. The dressing rooms are so small, that when ten ambulatory patients are undressing, and there is a trolley and wheelchair in the middle, no room or air is left. The patients are called to the bathroom one after the other. In the bathroom, one helper drapes a cold, wet sheet around the patient, the other two guide the patient down the steps into the tub. Before descending the patient recites an act of contrition. While descending and bathing, the following invocations are cried aloud, with much ardor.

"Blessed be the Holy and Immac-

Sister M. Hedwig, R.N. and Sister M. Felix, R.N. at Lourdes.

ulate Conception of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

"Our Lady of Lourdes, cure us for the love and glory of the Holy Trinity."

"Our Lady of Lourdes, cure us for the conversion of sinners."

"Health of the sick, pray for us."

"O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Saint Bernadette, pray for us."

The pilgrims walk through the tub, about 12 feet long, to the statue at the opposite side. They kiss the statue, turn around and then they are immersed. This demands courage as the water is very cold. Then they walk back and dress themselves again. Helpless patients and pilgrims are undressed on a trolley or chair and are immersed on a stretcher.

All the pools can bathe from 2000—3000 pilgrims a day. The first morning after we had had our last pilgrim, the lady in charge asked me if I would like to go bathing also. I did, and gasped the same as I had seen the patients do when I was immersed. The water was very cold, even after a few hundred had gone through the same water! Patients with open sores and fistulas go to a separate bath, and the water is changed each time.

St. Bernadette of Lourdes.

At 4:30 P.M. a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament starts from the Grotto, after having prayed the rosary together. The procession winds itself along the Esplanades, to gather at the square before the Rosary church. The sick are all lined up in a square and the priest gives each one, individually, the Blessing of the Blessed Sacrament.

In our free time we went to visit the "maison paternelle de Bernadette." She never lived here. The real house in which she lived was called the "Cachot," as it had served as jail, but it was not fit any more even for prisoners. After it had been discarded for a few years, the place was donated to the poor Soubirous.

In Lourdes there is a medical bureau with whom 1500 doctors are affiliated from all over the world. Here all the cures are examined and if they are accepted, are acknowledged as such only after two years.

In order to be called a cure, there must have been an organic lesion, certified by the doctor who treated the case previous to the cure. Examples are: the disappearance of a tumor, the healing of a fracture, the disappearance of a cancer or a congenital dislocation. The cure may not be due to medicines or medical treatment. The disease must be cured within a short time, and no convalescence may be included. Regaining of weight may take time, but appetite must be immediately restored.

My brother who is affiliated with this bureau told me of a typical cure. The patient was a blind Dutch priest who had T. B. of the optical nerve. An open lesion at the temporal bone showed a T. B. process going on and the two ends of the diseased nerve could be seen at either side. A piece of nerve was missing. After bathing and Benediction, his sight was suddenly restored, although after examination no explanation could be given for his sight, as the lesion was still the same. Only by degrees did the two pieces of nerve connect, after which the lesion closed.

Our Lady told Bernadette to come to the Grotto in Procession. The Blessed Sacrament procession and the daily torchlight procession are a fulfillment of this wish, but there is another continuous procession which Our Lady must have meant. It is the continuous coming and going of all her suffering children—suffering in body as well as in mind, to whom she wishes to grant favors. Even to those who are accustomed to the sight of suffering, it is a procession of the utmost human misery and distress: faces in agony, pale and colorless faces, bodies in convulsive movements and twitchings, all sorts of deformed limbs, atrophies, emaciated bodies, nervous and spastic paralysis and how many hidden diseases and agonies of mental suffering. All come and go, cured or comforted, equipped to take up their burden of suffering again.

MEET THE PEOPLE

MERE JAHOUVEY

Apostle to the Blacks

It is with the above title that Georges Goyau, the famous French Catholic writer, presents the life of the Venerable Mother Jahouvey, the Burgundian village girl who, by her sanctity and administrative genius, became at once a pioneer of missionary work and an outstanding figure in French colonial history.

Her girlhood passed among the persecutions of the Terror, which found her already hiding fugitive priests, preparing for secret celebrations of Mass at her father's farm, in teaching catechism in the field or barn so that the Faith might be kept alive in the absence of its ministers. The dispersed religious orders had not re-formed themselves when in 1798 she took the vows of a religious; two years later a community of Sisters of Charity at Besancon received her as a novice. Then, on the eve of her clothing, she drew back. After a day of heart-searchings had come a dream in which St. Teresa presented to her an assembly of negroes and mulattoes, all bearing agricultural tools in their hands, with the words, "These are the children God gives you."

Three years of teaching, then the Trappist order allured her. Again she was dissuaded, this time by her confessor Dom Lestrange, who discerned that her mission was to found a Congregation of her own. Of this Congregation she and her sisters formed the nucleus; in 1805 when Pius VII passed Chalon, returning from the coronation of Napoleon, they besought him to give it authorization. Two years more, and the Order of St. Joseph was solemnly recognized. Transferred to Chalon, it had given birth to a big school in which two hundred children learned besides their ordinary lessons spinning and carding in the newest methods.

From Chalon the new Order spread; Cluny became its motherhouse. Then Mere Jahouvey was in Paris, founding a school on the then suspiciously modern Lancaster system, proving so successful as to attract the attention of the Government. This attention showed itself finally in a request for her co-operation in forming schools and hospitals in tropical colonies. Her dream would be fulfilled.

It was to West Africa that the first contingents of Sisters went, and there, in 1822, after five years spent in consolidation, Mere Jahouvey joined them. Spiritually and economically the African colonies were in a state of crisis. The missionary impulse had run dry, while the suppression of the slave trade by the Treaty of Vienna had deprived Senegal of its chief trade. Mere Jahouvey, supported by the Government of the Restoration, sought to make of these trading posts an agricultural colony. Wherever she went, schools and hospitals were formed, till even the Governor of English Gambia sought her

aid. From the first she took the negroes to her heart, envisaging native priests and native nuns. She founded a native seminary in France.

Her competence as a colonist led the Government in 1828 to send her to French Guiana in tropical America at the head of a band of emigrants. At Mana under her direction plantations were made and roads built, she herself, going on foot through 125 miles of forest.

On her return to France, where Louis Philippe had supplanted Charles X as King, she found a Government anxious to make an end of slavery and ready to enlist the cooperation of her Congregation, now scattered through every colony, in preparing the slaves for future freedom. "Mere Jahouvey is a great man," cried Louis Philippe after hearing her plans. And in 1838, as an experiment, the Government agreed to make over to her 500 liberated slaves for a settlement at Mana.

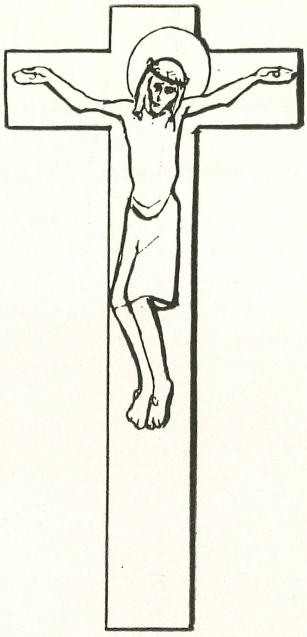
In her hands Mana now became a model colony, producing sugar, tapioca, rice, bananas, timber, stock, and rum. Her powers were absolute; she would allow no interference and no whites beyond the Sisters of her congregation. Under her firm and maternal rule her negroes awoke to civilization and Christianity.

She had returned to France when the Republic of 1848, influenced by Lamartine, for long her friend and supporter, proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves. Admitted to the franchise, the negroes of Mana cried with one voice, "We vote for our Mother General," and could not understand when it was told them that this could not be.

Beatified last October, her congregation now numbers over 4,000.

Barbara Barclay Carter

(Condensed from the "Catholic Citizen," November 15, 1950)



Convert us unto Thee, O God our Savior, and in order that the Lenten fast may profit us, do Thou instruct our minds with Thy heavenly teaching. —*Divine Office*

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

Most Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. John B. Dever, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mother M. Agnes, R.S.M., Epsom, New Zealand

Sr. Mary Cephas Burke, R.S.M., Hartford, Conn.

Sr. Mary Denise Dunn, R.S.M., Hartford, Conn.

Sr. Mary Patricia of Our Lady of Mercy, P.C., Evansville, Ind.

Sr. Mary of St. Anthony, R.G.S., Phila., Pa.

Sr. Mary of St. Maurice, R.G.S., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Harvey G. Callahan, Wash., D. C.

Mr. Jerome Donovan, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mary A. Finn, Somerville, Mass.

Miss Marion McGarigle, Queens Village, N.Y.

Mr. John B. Weig, Buffalo, New York (Father of Sr . Loretto, S.C.M.M.)

Miss Cecilia Yawman, Rochester, New York

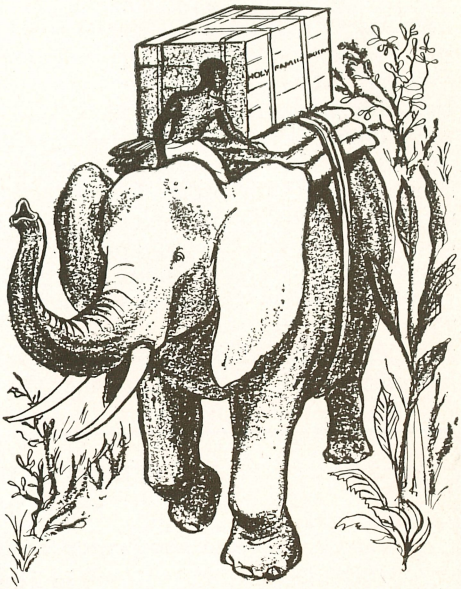
White Elephant

Before ever coming to Berekum, someone said: "Oh, you're going to Berekum, where they shot the elephant recently," and another person told us there were lots of elephants in that district. Despite these remarks and a few scattered reports of wild elephants in the area (one was shot last month in a neighboring village), we settled down to a quiet life with relatively few elephants—actually none at all except our own elephant—a white one.

Our elephant is big and white and shiny and stubborn. It was made possible through the kindness of our friends at home, and it was intended to act as a refrigerator.

Getting a refrigerator in Africa is slightly different from having one installed in New York City or even Smithville. Here you buy your frig in the nearest city. It is packed for you, and that is all. You have to arrange transportation the next hundred miles, and on arrival, uncrate it, install it, after figuring out the several sheets of instructions.

One of the Sisters knew all about refrigerators that operated by pilot light, her family has a gas one: the tiny blue flame would be familiar. Not at all. This refrigerator has a kerosene burner large enough to cook a dinner on, and at night lights up the whole room. The several animals that have come and gone around here, all love that flame. The monkey on arrival made a beeline for the *frig* and sat hunched up, just staring at the flame. Our hens also liked the light of the burner, and some of them no doubt considered nesting under the refrigerator. But we discouraged their coming in to the dining room. However, we soon found out it was a temperamental machine. It would run only for a few weeks, in a half-hearted fashion. The ice unit would not ice. Well, that was all right with us. After all, we principally wanted a cooler for preserving and protecting the food. It would operate on this compromise several weeks, then go up in smoke. Smoke would pour from the little chimney and leave a black spot on the ceiling and soot on all the furniture before Kojo could run over to the dispens-



ary to tell Sister "ice on fire."

After the fire was put out Sister would roll up her sleeves and clean the burner and glass chimney, and the wick, and flue, and the baffle. Then she would light it again and wait. It would do one of two things; start smoking again, or burn beautifully, flawlessly, but without cooling. Off it would be turned again and for the hundredth time the community would go over the instruction sheets. Its balance was checked, no drafts, clean kerosene, adjustment of the baffle, etc. The sheets seemed to hint that the secret of success lay in the baffle. And how many times it was changed! Shortened, length-

ened, shortened, etc., etc. . . . Then unexpectedly the refrigerator would begin to cool, and by that time Sister could not remember whether the last operation had been the lengthening or shortening of the baffle.

Before Christmas it stopped working and all our ingenuity was exhausted before we finally admitted that this time it must be dead. When in Kumasi Sr. Margaret Mary inquired of the possibility of getting someone to come out and service the machine. "Oh no, that could not be done. Just pack it up, and send it back in to the shop." Sister's expression must have showed her surprise. "You saved the crate, didn't you?" the clerk demanded. No of course we had not saved the packing case. One does not expect to send a frig in for repairs, that is, if it is the first time one has bought a refrigerator in the tropics. We made shelves with some of the boards, and a splint for the fractured leg of the young man, the night of the lorry accident.

Before "just sending it back to Kumasi," we made one more attempt. The instruction sheet cautiously mentioned that if all other measures fail, the machine could be gently shaken, and even turned over on its side!! Sr. M. Paula gently shook it, and with the help of the cook, turned it over on its side. It did not work. On rereading the company's advice, we could almost read between the lines that their engineers would have to stand it on its head to fix it. So we stood it on its head! And it worked! In the glory of the triumph, Sister pulled out the baffle, the refrigerator worked! We are now working on a revised set of instructions—shorter than the original. Sr. M. Raphael, B.S. Pharm.

FEEDING A HUNGRY WORLD

Not Birth-Control But More Production From The Earth's Resources Is The Answer

Can you picture a train long enough to carry the whole world's population, 200 crores, or two thousand million men, women and children? Such a train would stretch around the world sixteen times. If it passed you travelling a mile a minute (100 Kms. per hour), you would be obliged to wait a whole year for the entire train to go by. The busy conductor would have to punch six tickets every second, night and day, to work his way through the train in a year. But when he had finished, he would find another twenty million passengers without tickets—the number of people who join our growing population every year.

Each new day brings Mother Earth another 60 thousand hungry human mouths to feed. Where does she draw the extra rations for this growing family? Actually, over half the human race goes hungry.

One-third of the world family—Europe and North America—consumes three-fourths of the world's food supply. The people of Asia—fully one-half of humanity—take their share from the one-fourth remaining. (Unesco Broadcast)

—RAYS OF LIGHT, July, 1950

Jubilee in MANDAR

SR. IGNATIUS MARIE, S.C.M.M.

Holy Family Hospital in Mandar.

It was the night before the 30th and inside the house not a creature was stirring, but outside there were many strange sounds of stealthy digging and hoarse whispered orders. Torches flashing in weird places, but the Sisters slept peacefully after a full day's work.

They woke on the Jubilee Day to find the hospital compound bedizened and bedecked. Bamboo poles 12 to 15 feet high had been placed at intervals down the long approach to the Convent. From their tops floated large bright colored pennants to greet the rising sun. Hundreds of yards of smaller sized pennants crossed and recrossed the compound and fluttered from the outside of the convent. The parish, the boys' school and the girls' school turned out their stores of decorations to make sure that we celebrated our Silver Jubilee in true Chota Nagpur fashion.

From the palace at Ratu, the Maharajah sent more flags. (These were silk, multicolored, and shaped like tea aprons); a huge shamiana, as many-hued as Joseph's coat; and rugs for the drama the nurses were to put on in the evening. From the parish came the loveliest of the religious banners which are usually taken out only for the Corpus Christi procession— these decorated our verandas. There was no doubt about it, our friends were determined that Mandar H. F. Hospital would be sufficiently decorated. The nurses had taken several hundred samples of exquisite cretonne, that someone had sent us, hemmed one end, and strung them up as more decorations.

At seven o'clock, His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Oscar Sevrin, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Ranchi, celebrated Solemn High Mass with Fathers Bossvut, S.J., J. Lakra and P. Vandeveld, S.J., as assistants. A group of nurses sang the Common. We sang the Proper.

Mothers Claude, Rose and Pacifica came from Loretto Convent; the Maharaja of Kanker and his sister, all the St. Ann Sisters from the adjoining convent, a large delegation of girls and boys from the respective schools, and many members of the parish filled our Chapel to overflowing during Mass. The Chapel was built to seat 60, but there were four times that number in it the morning of the 30th.

The school boys came with an illuminated address, songs, bouquets and garlands; the girls followed, adding dances to their programme; some of the patients, who were able, came too, bringing their tightly bunched bouquets—that the flowers were

picked from our own garden, made them no less welcome; various members of the parish came bearing gifts; even the coolies working on the new building danced for us. Our livestock increased by a pair of turkeys (Thanksgiving and Christmas!!!) two pairs of ducks, and a pair of kids.

When it was finished, we had more said in favor of this combination of beauty and necessity.

To relate what was in the speeches would embarrass us beyond words, but it was interesting to learn how impressed they all were by the fact that whenever they were admitted to the Hospital, day or night, a Sister saw them and they received help.

His Excellency, Bishop Sevrin, S.J., Sr. M. Barbara, M.D. with Jubilee bouquet, Sister M. Magdalen, native Sisters of St. Ann.

floral decorations than any Derby Winner ever received. But Sr. Barbara had the prize bouquet—about a dozen good roses tightly bunched like a colonial bouquet, and surrounded with native string beans—yes, that is the truth, green beans about 2 inches long added their willowy grace to the beauty of the roses. The tragedy of it is that Sr. Barbara does not know from whom she received it. Now we shall never know who produced the masterpiece. And what shall we miss? Perhaps a cauliflower surrounded by violets or lillies encircled by spinach, who knows? It seems to me there is much to be

Naturally the climax was in the evening, when the nurses put on a play based on the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

We thought the play ended the Jubilee celebration, but six days later, first Friday, we received a note stating that the Panachayat desired to present their compliments. The Panchayat is the aboriginal version of the Town Fathers. Many of them come from distant villages and could not come on the 30th. So once again we Sisters assembled on the front veranda, this time to be addressed by some forty men, the pillars of the community.

medical mission Chits

Time off

Sister Marie Therese and I had to try out the bikes a few Sundays back so we headed towards Saidpur (Sr. Jude knowing my biking abilities said I didn't dare go towards "town.") After getting on and off a few times, (just didn't want the motor or the wheels or something to *heat,* understand!) before we knew it the milestone said only four miles to Saidpur.

It is a beautiful little village! The fields were green and plowed; loquat trees growing all along the main road; little groves in back in bloom; and the air filled with fragrance. What an artist's paradise! The gorgeous color of the hills, the fertility of the little valley, its streams and clear, stoney creek-bed, the industrious and friendly people! Life seemed clean, simple and unhurried and yet not lazy.

Thinking the shrine was back up against the mountainside, we took a wrong side-road. Not knowing how long it might take, and how tired our poor quivering leg muscles would be on the way back, we started home.

It was great fun and ever since I'm aching to go back and see it again. At first I just "ached" and felt as if I had ridden a horse. Now I am looking forward to some leg-work again!

Sister M. Martin,
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

Life "as Usual"

We were only in Patna a short time but it was sufficient to get over to Holy Family Hospital. Sr. Cyril had the task of showing us around. Just as we were getting in the jeep to leave, the lights went out. Two nurses raced across the yard to the dispensary and then back to the operating room. "They will finish the operation with flashlights," said Sr. Cyril very calmly. Fresh from the States we were surprised to learn that the lights *often* go out just that way and that the water supply is equally erratic! Well, live and learn . . .

Patna
E. Lockwood, S.J.

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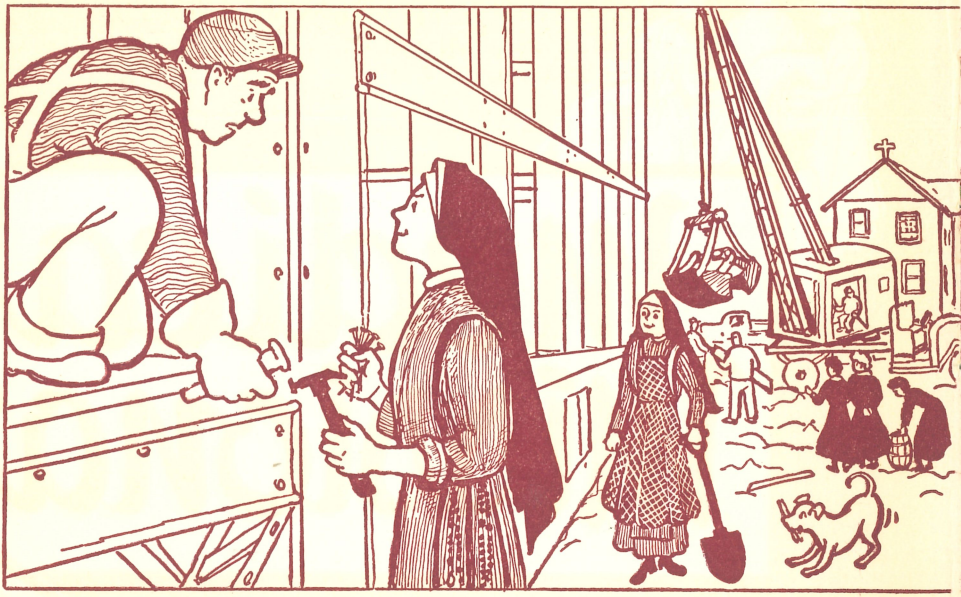

"Is there anything we can do to help?"

Dear St. Joseph:

Our chapel building is like a "watched pot" these days. It just can't go up fast enough! We are so cramped for room and so anxious for its completion that we are tempted to go out with hammer and saw to lend a hand. I know what the workmen would say, "Lady, you pay the bills, and we'll do the hammering!"

Are you sure St. Joseph, that you told ALL your friends how badly we need their help to keep this building going up? Tell them to please help us NOW—the bills are mounting UP too.

Urgently yours,

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

Are You a Friend of St. Joseph?

Dear Mother Dengel, here is my contribution $_____ towards your new chapel.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____